

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dawg. That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dawg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,
take them all, I'll anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*
meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes; ſuch a com-
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leue heare the Diuell as a
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer; worſe then a
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſſe me none but ſuch
Toiſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins
heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now my
whole

whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals,
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked
ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcard
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reu-
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme w
peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then a
cient: and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes o
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke
hundred and fiftie rotted Prodigals; lately cou
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all th
preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuc
He not march through *Conentry* with them, that's
the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if t
on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Pri
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the ha
Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the
Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the red
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'll finde Linne
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne lacke? how now Qui

Fal. What *Hal*? How now madd wag, what a
in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I c
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrew*

West. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, th
and you too; but my powers are there already:
tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant a
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for th
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *laeke*, wh
theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toiſe, food fo